I Can Fit Two (Under My Skin)

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I Can Fit Two (Under My Skin)

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal is determined to take Will's empathy to its extremes, testing Will's ability in the most decadent way possible.

AKA Will tries to get into Hannibal's head while Han gets himself off.

Notes

weeeee lets be filthy. not much to say about this one except that ive wanted to write it for a long time!

See the end of the work for more notes

“I’m just going to warn you again,” Will sighs, like he’s trying to convince a child that Santa isn’t going to bring him an XBox. “I really don’t think—“

“That this will play out as I’ve envisioned. Yes, you’ve made that abundantly clear,” Hannibal finishes, but he doesn’t falter in his task.

Will lies obediently in the center of their bed, the soft sheets cool against his over-warm back. The only thing he’s wearing is the thick rope currently being secured around his wrists, anchoring him to the headboard and leaving him entirely at his husband’s mercy. It’s not an unfamiliar position for him, at this point in their marriage, and yet for the first time in at least a year Will’s having some serious performance anxiety.

“I just don’t want you to get your hopes up,” he says, for what must be the fiftieth time since Hannibal first cooked up this ridiculous idea. He shifts a bit as he speaks, fingers flexing aimlessly while Hannibal ties his knots. Will swallows the urge to micromanage, to give him pointers on how best to tie him down.

Hannibal just hums, sitting back on his knees when he’s satisfied. “I think you’re underestimating yourself, darling. You’re capable of so much more than you know.”

“My empathy doesn’t work like that, Han.” He breathes out a wry laugh, staring at the spinning blades of their ceiling fan. “If it did, I would’ve flunked out of college, because I would have been in my dorm watching porn twenty-four-seven.”

Above him, Hannibal chuckles. “You’ve grown since then,” he argues, smoothly dismounting from the bed to toe off his shoes. “You’re older, smarter. You’ve spent the last six years honing your gift to a lethal edge.” There’s something almost lovesick about the way Hannibal says the word ‘lethal’, like it’s been ripped from a wedding vow. He reaches out, caresses Will’s face with a lingering hand. Will tries to chase it when it leaves, as much as he can like this. Hannibal smiles fondly, pulls away.

“And I would say that I’m at a considerable advantage, where your empathy is concerned,” Hannibal elaborates. He shrugs his way out of his jacket. Slowly. Will lies back. For all of his protests about this experiment, he’ll never complain about watching the other man undress.

The jacket falls to the floor, and Will lifts a brow. There’s a quip about Hannibal being careless with his clothes resting just behind his teeth, but he swallows it when Hannibal loosens the knot on his tie.

“After all, you and I are more attuned to one another than most. Linked, inextricably. The door to the mind is tightly locked, but we’ve been known to let one another in, on occasion.”

Will smirks, observing through lidded eyes as Hannibal reaches for his belt. The leather hisses as it moves through its loops. “I wouldn’t say you’re on the lease or anything, but… you’ve got a drawer in my nightstand, yes.”

It feels like it takes an eternity for Hannibal to unbutton his shirt. Will drinks in the view like it's the first time he's seen it, staring at every inch of tanned, furred skin as it falls elegantly into view. Hannibal stares back.

"So all you need to do is try the knob," Hannibal teases. The open shirt slips from his shoulders, joins the growing pile on the floor. Will squirms a little in place, itching to catalog the scars that dot the other man's body. He wants to kiss the pucker of the Dragon's bullet wound, a neatly healed reminder of their first shared kill. To run his tongue along the twin incisions, decades old but still stark against Hannibal's chest.

He swallows as his eyes trail down to Hannibal's wrists. The straight lines along his husband's veins, the marks of Will's own influence. "Open you up?" he prods. He looks Hannibal in the face, cocks a brow. "Come inside?"

Hannibal rolls his eyes, but Will gets a peek at his sharp teeth when he smiles. "Not tonight, awful boy."

Will huffs. Of course not. That's not what's on the menu this time, as much as he'd enjoy it. No, Will's fairly certain that Hannibal's fingers trailing over his jaw will be the most direct stimulation he gets tonight. Everything else, he's going to have to work for.

"This excites you, doesn't it?" Will asks. "Thinking that I could dig far enough into your head to share your pleasure. Feel what you feel."

A smile plays over Hannibal's lips as he lowers his trousers. Subtle, almost shy. "If I had it my way, darling, you would share everything with me." He steps out of them, laid bare for Will alone to admire. And admire he does. "You would be quenched when I drink, fed when I eat."

"Like a tapeworm," Will deadpans, but he's blushing.

"It's romantic, no?"

Will's heart skitters when Hannibal crawls his way onto the bed, making himself comfortable across from him. Face-to-face, nowhere to hide. He reclines against a small stack of plush pillows, languishing like a model in an old painting. There's a fire in his eyes when he looks at Will.

"Are you ready?"

He swallows again, curls his bound hands into fists and then releases them. Shuts his eyes. He takes a long, slow breath— in through the nose, out through the mouth.

When he opens them, the room feels bigger than it did before. Warmer. Will tries to do what he always did at crime scenes, when he worked for Jack. Keep his breathing steady, push away every thought that's his own. Embody his mark. Hannibal doesn't resist it, when Will hones in on his mind. He doesn't hide from Will's stare.

"Ready as I'll ever be," he breathes, and Hannibal smiles.

“Good.”

Will bites his lower lip when Hannibal’s legs part, falling open with his knees bent to give Will the best view. Immediately, Will’s eyes drift downward.

Hannibal’s wet. Will knew he would be, could feel his desire like another presence in the room with them. Clever surgeon’s fingers glide along Hannibal’s cunt, trail lazily from his hole to the base of his clit and back again.

“Restless already?” Hannibal taunts, and Will blinks. The muscles in his own arms have turned tense without his realizing, straining against the ropes as if to break free. He relaxes as much as he can, forces his body to be still.

Hannibal’s other hand drifts up his torso, fingertips just grazing over thick hair and warm skin. He starts toying with a nipple, uses a finger to spread slick over the short length of his clit. Will’s cock twitches, already hard where it lies against his thigh.

It’s nearly hypnotic, watching Hannibal touch himself. He makes no secret of relishing the act, luxuriating in the feeling of flesh against flesh, friction against nerve. One finger dips into his entrance, thrusts deep, comes away glistening.

Will’s mouth floods with saliva. Fuck, he’d give anything to be right there, with his face buried between Hannibal’s thighs. He’s always loved to eat cunt, prided himself on sending all his partners into screaming orgasms with nothing but his mouth, but with Hannibal it’s fucking otherworldly. He could spend hours at it, left to his own devices. Will’s cock throbs, watching Hannibal pump two fingers into his hole and imagining his mouth there instead. Wrapping his lips around that perfect t-cock, fucking him with his tongue, lapping the slick from his cunt like he needs it to fucking live—

“Will,” Hannibal calls, and Will groans, flexing against his restraints once more.

“Uh-huh?”

Hannibal’s fingers bracket his clit, resting with gentle pressure against it as he says “Where are you, darling?”

Will licks his lips, breathes out a weak laugh. “Where am I?” he echoes, scoffing. “I’m right here, fuck.”

Hannibal hums. He pulls his hand away, his cunt twitching a little at the loss.

“Are you here beside me?” he prods. “Or are we together?”

Evidently he’s been more mesmerized by Hannibal’s tempting display than he realized, because it takes Will a moment to understand. Right. This exercise isn’t about Will watching his husband masturbate. He swallows, steels himself. “Sorry,” he mutters. “I just— fuck, Han, you’re so wet.”

The corner of Hannibal’s mouth twitches upward, just so. “Am I distracting you?” he teases.

Will tries to laugh. It comes out tense. “A little.”

Hannibal reaches to the side, plucks a small bottle of lube and a glass dildo from where they’d been waiting on the bed. “I’ve opened myself to you, Will,” he says. “That’s a rare privilege.”

He’s obscenely thorough as he coats the toy in slippery lubricant, fingers gliding over the length of it and making precome bead at the tip of Will’s cock. He waits until Will can tear his eyes away from the dildo, his gaze burning into Will’s own.

“Let yourself in.”

The tip slips into Hannibal’s cunt with barely any resistance, and Will’s mouth falls open with a moan. He knows from experience just how good Hannibal feels inside— hot and soft and so tight around his cock. Will tries to push those thoughts away, though, tempting as they are. Instead he centers himself, takes a deep breath, and observes.

The muscles in Hannibal’s thighs flex as he works to accommodate the thick toy. Will imagines that it’s a little cold, his application of the lube not enough to warm the fluid or the glass. His lashes flutter a little, lips parting around the satisfaction of being filled. Hannibal’s entrance is tight around its circumference, clinging when he pulls it out again. His wrist twists a little on the next thrust, searching for that perfect angle, the one that makes him—

Will gasps sharply at the same time as Hannibal does, his body jolting on its own. It’s… strange. It doesn’t feel like being fucked. Not like being touched at all, really. But the pleasure is there, hot little sparks of it in the space between his hips. Hannibal starts building up a rhythm, his head falling back against the pillows, and a shocked, throaty moan slips from Will’s parted lips.

“H-Holy shit,” he groans. His heels dig themselves into the sheets, his hands balling into fists. “Fuck, fuck.”

A loose smirk twitches at Hannibal’s mouth, the room fills with slick sounds as Hannibal fucks himself with the dildo. “Where are you now, my love?” he asks through panting breaths.

The fingers of his other hand dance over his clit, just the barest tease, and Will feels a tiny phantom pressure over the tip of his cock. “I’m here,” Will gasps. Another stroke, slower. “With you. In you, fucking— God, Han…”

Hannibal hums, rubbing the length of his t-cock with two fingers. It makes his breath hitch, a breathy moan falls from his lips. “How does it feel?” he asks, and punctuates the question by quickening his pace.

Will tries to breathe through the pleasure, his thighs parting of their own accord. His cock twitches, drooling more precome over his stomach. “Unreal,” he huffs, both hyperbolic and literal.

The dildo leaves for a moment, the empathetic emptiness is somehow a more hollow feeling than when Hannibal pulls out with a strap. Hannibal drags the tip of it upward, slowly, through his wet folds. He runs it along the underside of his clit, Will shuddering at the sensation, and then brings it back to his hole. It feels sinfully good, sliding its way in again. Makes Will's eyes roll.

"I think you can go deeper," Hannibal sighs, and Will bites his own lip hard.

"Yeah. Fuck, deeper, yeah."

Hannibal breathes out something resembling a laugh. Will stares back at him, his head foggy with confusion and arousal. "You're in tune with my body, Will," he says. The dildo nudges Hannibal's g-spot, and Will's toes curl. "But I think you can go further. A-ah— attune yourself to my mind, make a home for yourself there."

Will squirms. His instincts want to chase the feeling, his mind knows there's no feeling to chase. "I don't think I can—" he chokes on a low groan. The words 'handle that much' get swallowed up by Hannibal's hands on his own cunt.

"Of course you can," Hannibal assures. He arches into his fingers a little, his lower back lifting from the pillows. "Breathe. Search for me."

It's impossible to think like this. His body is tormented by sensation that isn't there, seeking release that isn't coming. He can't get off, not like this. The phantom stimulation he's getting from Hannibal is in an awful sort of limbo— just enough to make him into a puddle, and not nearly enough for him to ever come from it. He has to go further, reach deeper, find Hannibal in the ether and bind himself to his brain stem.

What choice does he have? Will tires to unspool the tension in his jerking muscles, stares back at Hannibal through lidded eyes, takes in the blushing picture the other man paints. He imagines a great brass pendulum, feels stupid for imagining the pendulum. It swings behind his eyes, back and forth and back again.

When Will blinks, he assumes he's failed. Based on previous journeys into the minds of his killers, he expects to be moved in space. Staring back at himself through Hannibal's eyes. That doesn't happen. He looks despairingly at his husband, a whimper teasing the back of his throat. The fragile skin of his wrists burns as he tries to fight his binds, more desperate than he's ever been to be touched.

Hannibal strokes his clit, and Will's cock jumps. His eyes blow wide, heels digging into the mattress.

"Good," Hannibal purrs, and the sound reverberates in Will's head like great clanging church bells. Their eyes meet, then, Will's pupils blown wide enough to take in every speck of light. He sees himself, reflected back at him over the honeyed surface of Hannibal's eyes. It's overwhelming. Will gets the sense that he's about to drown in them. "Let go, darling."

A trail of goosebumps blazes its way up the back of his neck, his cock is so hard that it stands on its own. "Ohhh God, Han."

He can feel it, now. Everything. The firm, slick touch all over his cock and the hot sparks in his core when Hannibal abuses his own g-spot and the phantom fullness that makes him want to curl in on himself. Hannibal's desire for him is like a blaze in his chest, intensifying every sensation until he's writhing in their bed. He's aroused, seeing Will like this. Insatiably so. He's drinking in every inch of Will's tortured body like it's a fucking cab-sav, drunk on the sweat beading on the backs of Will's knees, the twitching of his cock, the cracking breaks in his now ceaseless string of moans. Will can feel that, too, burning him up from bone to skin. He's never been so lost in pleasure in all his life.

"How does it feel?" Hannibal's voice asks him through the onslaught, and Will barks out a delirious laugh. He can barely even move like this, his senses rubbed so raw that he's struggling to breathe. Now Hannibal wants him to string whole sentences together?

There's tears forming, pricking at his eyes and obscuring his already hazy vision. They're feeding off each other, like this. An obscene cycle that just keeps building and refuses to break. Unbidden, he tries to imagine what it would be like to try this while Hannibal's riding him— fucking deep into Hannibal's cunt and feeling like he's getting filled in turn. It would kill him, there's no way he could take it. And yet he's dying to know how powerful this feedback loop can get, how far they could push this before something snaps. Or maybe that's a thought that Hannibal's having, right now. It's impossible to say, everything feels like its blurring. Their bed has turned into a watercolor painting.

"Will."

The call to attention is stern, sharp. Will jolts from the bed, hips bucking as he tries to fuck into the air. Frantic, he searches for his thoughts "I— It's so… fuck, I feel—" He keens, his cock throbbing far out of reach. His wrists jerk, bite into the ropes a little. His tongue has turned into a hunk of meat in his mouth, he realizes that he's been drooling. He tries to catch his breath but the crushing weight of Hannibal's love keeps him from filling his lungs.

"It's too much," he whines, pushed to the absolute edges of his sanity. "I c-can't, Han— It's too much. Let me come, please. Please."

"Incredible," Hannibal breathes, a reverent, husky whisper. The pleasure it inspires in Hannibal gets echoed back onto Will, pooling low and hot in his abdomen. Will doesn't need him to say more, he understands the sentiment with an almost painful intimacy. Incredible, that Will hasn't so much as been touched and yet he's begging for release. Incredible that their connection is so strong that Will was able to slip into Hannibal's skull with so much ease, like he's always belonged there. Incredible that Will is currently suffering like a martyr would, mangled in his divine agony.

Hannibal nearly comes just looking at him like this. Will feels it, coiling tight and aching at his core. Yes, yes.

Will lets out something like a scream when Hannibal stills, the dildo buried deep but unmoving in his cunt. It's cruel to both of them— Will can feel how Hannibal's clit throbs, how his sharp breaths tear at his lungs— but Hannibal's sadism when it comes to Will is more powerful than any other satisfaction. Delaying his own orgasm is a small price to pay, in his eyes, for the sight of Will's damp spine arching from the sheets.

Under any other circumstances, Will would be driven to hold his composure. To test Hannibal's patience against his own, make a competition out of this like the two of them do with everything else. In these circumstances, however, Will breaks. Instantly.

He struggles against the ropes, lifting his head from the pillows to cast pleading eyes onto his husband. The tears spill over, and he blinks hard as they trail in wet tracks down his flushed face. He's as grateful for it as he is embarrassed by it, at this point. Hannibal's a sucker for how Will looks when he cries, they both know it.

There's words pouring from his mouth, leaving in a hitching, jumbled mess. Needy chants of 'No, Han' and 'pleasepleaseplease' that stutter and slur on their way past his dry lips. He's never felt this out of control, unraveled down to a heap of quivering, sensitive nerves at Hannibal's feet. He's hanging on by a thread, he needs relief before it snaps.

He feels Hannibal decide to put him out of his misery a moment before his hands start moving again. A single, thudding heartbeat of anticipation, and then Hannibal's dragging him under.

Will's hips roll of their own accord, a howl ripping from him as Hannibal chases both of their orgasms with single-minded determination. He watches Hannibal's movements through barely-opened eyes, peering out like the light is too much for his senses to bear. Hannibal's hips jerk, his deadly teeth catch the plump flesh of his lip.

"Will," a wanton voice in the room moans. Hannibal, it must be. Hannibal's thoughts, at least, but the voice sounds like his own. It's impossible to tell the difference right now.

His orgasm makes him throw his head back, half-screaming at the ceiling. It hits him in waves, makes his legs quake and forces his eyes shut while it rushes over him. Will comes, utterly untouched, his cock jumps and throbs as release paints his sinking stomach.

Their voices form something of a filthy chorus, echoing off of each other's minds as Hannibal falls to pieces himself. His cunt tightens rhythmically around the dildo, slick gushing from him. His chest heaves, a beautiful, hypnotic rising and falling that inspires Will's own lungs to work in tandem.

Will shakes his way through it, falling limp in its wake like an exorcism victim finally cleansed. He pants, waiting for the world to return to him.

Seconds pass. Minutes.

The vertigo doesn't leave. He still sees double when he dares to open his eyes. Will tries to re-center, to find his way back into his own head. He's disoriented, though, struggling to separate just what is his and what is Hannibal's. Trapped deep within Hannibal's mind, the other man's psyche clinging to his neurons like chewing gum.

Distress floods his already overstimulated system, and he lets out a sound embarrassingly near to a whimper.

“Will?” Hannibal asks, noticing the tension in Will’s body for the first time. “Darling, what’s wrong?”

Will grits his teeth, struggling against his own mounting panic for long enough to force out the words “H-Help me.”

He flinches from it at first, when Hannibal cups his cheeks in his broad, warm hands. The ropes keep him from getting far. When Hannibal recaptures him, though, he’s too drained to resist. He sinks into it, presses his face hard to Hannibal’s palm. It’s grounding, being touched by him. A reminder of the barriers between them, the atoms that keep Will tightly packaged within himself.

“You’re drifting. Come back to me. Breathe.”

Nodding minutely, Will sucks in another long, wavering breath.

“Focus on how the air fills your lungs, moves through your throat, blows past your lips. It’s yours.”

Distantly, Will wonders if Hannibal had anticipated this. He seems awfully equipped to deal with it, after all. A calculated risk, maybe, one he was willing to take and confident he could remedy.

He sets the pendulum’s movement to the pace of his breathing, gathering himself into his own head bit by bit, like a sheaf of fallen papers on a windy afternoon. Hannibal strokes his cheeks with his thumbs, muttering soft encouragements that wash over Will before he can make much sense of them.

Slowly, his body begins to feel like his own again. There’s a door somewhere that’s still open a sliver, though. He can feel it, letting Hannibal peer through the gap and glimpse at what lies beyond. He’s not sure if he’ll ever be able to completely close it again.

The echo has finally faded when Hannibal says “It’s seven fifty-eight p.m—“

Will lets out a tired laugh. “Shut up and untie me,” he grumbles, but he’s grinning.

Hannibal complies, setting to the knots around his wrists at once. Will’s skin is tender where it’s been bound, tiny abrasions turning the flesh an angry red. Hannibal kisses them, massages life into his arms, presses a hand to Will’s overworked heart.

“What did you think?” Hannibal asks after a while, and Will might not be in his head anymore but his smugness couldn’t be more apparent.

“I think that you loved every second of it,” he fires back, mustering a weak smirk despite his exhaustion.

Hannibal doesn’t deny it. “And you?”

Will feels like he could pass out at any moment. He’s drained, sore, sensitive. He also hasn’t come so hard in his life.

Begrudgingly, sighing as he speaks, he settles on “It went… better than I thought it would.”

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss, lexicons, kmac, rose, and all of my raindrops for your continued support!

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